

Halloween

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Summary: A six year old boy, Micheal Meyers, kills his older sister Judith. Sixteen years later, he escapes from his mental hospital, he is thirsty to kill his younger sister, Laurie, who is being raised by her mother and who she thinks is her father, Theodore Strode. Micheal goes for her when she is baby-sitting a little boy. Will Laurie live? Or will she end up just like Judith?

Halloween

HALLOWEEN

Prologue

October 31st, 1963

On Baker Street, there was a pretty little house just big enough for a family of five. When you walked by the house you would say "Aw, why that's just the prettiest damn house I've ever seen. I bet the family is really nice." But the family wasn't nice. It was just fucked up.

The youngest child, Laurie, was only one-year-old, and had been born the year before (it was currently 1963), and was just adorable with the most beautiful blonde hair you'd ever see. The middle child, Micheal, had serious psychological problems. He would take one of Judith's (the eldest child) dolls and rip it's head off, then take scissors, and cut all the hair off. He was six. The eldest was Judith, who was good in school but, like most teenagers at the time, smoked pot. She was sixteen, and was beautiful. Then there was Linda, the mother, who cleaned and cooked, but wanted a job, and to vote. She was forty-five. John, the father, was forty-six, and forbid Linda to have anything to do with voting or having a job. "It's a stupid idea," he would say, sending Linda running up the stairs and sobbing.

Together, they made the fucked up Meyers family. On Halloween night, John and Linda decided that Micheal had made enough progress, and he could go trick-or-treating this year. Judith agreed to take him to pick out a costume and around the neighborhood to get candy. Micheal was thrilled. John and Linda took the Laurie somewhere, well Judith took Micheal down the street.

"Now, Micheal," Judith said, wanting everything to go smoothly, "If someone answers the door, say, 'Trick or Treat.' When they give you candy, say 'Thank you.' Or, 'Have a good night.' Or both, okay?" Micheal nodded. And he actually obeyed.

Judith looked at the street sign. ELM STREET, it read. "Alright," Judith said. "You've gotten enough candy. We have to go home now, Mi-cheal. Micheal looked at her, furious. "No," he said. "I want to go farther." "No, Micheal. We have to go home."

Micheal began to burst into angry tears. Judith sighed. "Fine. Fi-ve more houses. Then we're done, understand?" Micheal nodded, smilin-g. He had gotten what he wanted. Once again.

Four more houses passed. Micheal walked up the last driveway and rang the doorbell. A very nice old lady opened the door. "Well, your just the cutest little clown I've ever seen." she handed him a Toots-ie Roll. "Thank you. Have a good night." he said, and walked down the driveway...and up the next one.

"Micheal," Judith said. "That was five houses. It's time to go ho-me." Micheal didn't listen. He rang the doorbell. A man in about his thirties answered. Not wanting to make a scene, Judith didn't say an-ythng. Micheal got his candy and walked down the driveway. Judith w-alked to him and grabbed his arm. "Micheal! That's been SIX houses. It. Is. Time. To. Go. HOME!" Micheal screamed and cried the whole way to their house. When they got there, Judith's boyfriend was walking up the driveway.

Judith and Jake had been dating for two years now, and they loved each other. "Jake!" Judith called. "Down here!"

Jake swiveled around. Micheal was still screaming. "Hey, Judith. Hey...Micheal...," Jake said, nervous. Micheal screamed at him. "Sor-ry about that." Judith said, glaring at Micheal.

After Micheal had gone to sleep, Judith and Jake snuggled on the cou-ch. "I love you, Jake." Judith said. "I love you, Judith." Jake said. And they walked up the stairs to Judith's bedroom, and began to have sex for the first time.

The moaning and giggling woke Micheal up in the next room. Micheal got up and walked down the stairs to the kitchen. If that bitch (a w-or-d he had picked up from his mother) didn't want to give him what he wanted, she could die. He opened the drawer and pulled out a shining kitchen knife. He walked up the stairs as the door opened. He jumped into the hallway and watched Jake walk down the stairs and out the d-oor. Micheal walked into Judith's room.

Judith was naked, sitting at her mirror, brushing her hair. She s-aw Micheal in the mirror and shrieked. The light from her lamp was s-hining eerily on the knife, making Judith even more terrified. "Mich-eal, just put the knife down, and I won't tell mom and dad about

it, I swear. Just put it down." Micheal plunged the knife into Judith's bare breast. Judith shrieked.

Micheal dropped the knife and ran outside. His parent's car was in the driveway. They saw the blood on his hands. They had heard Judith shrieking. What had he done?

Micheal was sent to Smithgrove Sanitarium, far away from John, Linda, and Laurie. But there family was still fucked up. Micheal had swore to kill Laurie if he ever escaped right before he was sent to Smithgrove, leaving the entire family in fear. Linda got another boyfriend, and John found out. John and Linda broke up. Linda got custody of Laurie, and married her secret boyfriend, Theodore Strode. She was raised to believe that Theodore was her real father, and they were finally safe. Or so they thought.

One:

Sixteen Years Later

October 21st, 1978

Dr. Sam Loomis drove to the Smithgrove Sanitarium, wanting to see if his patient, Micheal Meyers, had made any progress since his last visit, which had been in August the same year. He seriously doubted that Micheal would ever get out, and didn't want him too, anyway. Because if Micheal Meyers ever escaped, he would kill his sister, Laurie Strode, and anyone who got in his way of doing that.

Sally McCeenie, a nurse at Smithgrove, sat in the passenger seat, smoking a cigarette. "You really never want him to escape?" she asked. Was the rath of Micheal Meyers really THAT bad? "Never." Loomis said. Micheal was a lunatic, and lunatics should be kept under lock, and no key whatsoever.

Sally rolled her eyes as they pulled into the parking lot. What Loomis saw made him want to crawl into a hole and never, ever, climb out for anything. Not food. Not water. Not if Marilyn Monroe came back to life to have sex with him.

The patients were running out in the parking lot. And Micheal was one of them.

"Holy shit!" Sally cried, and rolled up her window. One particular deformed patient walked up to the car. It was Micheal Meyers. He was twenty-one now, and could kill the shit out of both of them.

Sally shrieked. Loomis grabbed a gun and walked out the door. He aimed it at Micheal and shot. This barely affected Micheal. He was like a zombie. No matter how many times you stabbed him or shot him or how many times he fell off the Empire State Building (which had never actually happened), he would never, ever die.

Micheal stabbed Loomis in the stomach. Loomis sank to the ground. Sally, who had seen the whole thing, zoomed to the door and locked it like there was no tomorrow. And for her, there many not of been.

Micheal climbed on to the roof, leaving Sally sitting there, shaking. She leaned against her window, praying to God this could

just e-nd when...her window shattered into a million pieces.

Sally shrieked loud enough to break an eardrum and climbed out the

other door. Micheal drove off. Sally ran to Loomis. "Are you okay?" she asked. Loomis got up weakly and nodded. "He's going to Haddonfie-ld." Loomis said. "Go to a pay telephone, and call the Haddonfield p-olice station. Now." Loomis handed her fifty cents. "This should be enough."

Sally ran to the nearest pay telephone and dialed in 0. "Hello, o-perator, can you connect me to the Haddonfield Police Station?" A man answered the phone. "Hello?" he asked. "Micheal Meyers is coming hom-e!" she shrieked. Warn the people, sound the alarm, do something! H-e's going to kill Lily Strone!"

Sally hadn't heard the name correctly. The police searched for da-ys for somebody named Lily Strone, but couldn't find anyone. They de-cided it was all a prank. And because Sally had heard the name wrong, Laurie Strode was going to die.

Two:

The Meyers House

October 31st, 1978

Laurie Strode opened her eyes, tired as hell. She sighed, realizing it was a Thursday, and she had to go to school. She could ditch...but she had ditched the day before, and the teachers would start to get suspicious if Laurie Strode, the angel student, missed two days of s-chool without a precious fucking doctor's note.

She got dressed and brushed her teeth. She grabbed her backpack a-and walked out the door. Her father, Theodore Strode, stood near his car, holding a key. "Drop this off at the Meyers house." he said. "T-HE Meyers house...or...another Meyers house?" Laurie asked. There was no freaking WAY she was going near the famous Meyers house, where so-me psychotic six-year-old stabbed his sister to death.

Mr. Strode sighed, impatient. "Yes, THE Meyers house. Be an adult about this, Laurie. It's not like Micheal Meyers in the flesh is sit-ting on the porch in a rocking chair, holding the knife he used to k-ill Judith Meyers. Don't be afraid." He handed a shaking Laurie the key.

All that Laurie had heard about the whole Micheal Meyers thing was that he killed his older sister and was planning to kill his younger one if he ever got out of his mental hospital. When she walked up to the Meyers house, she got this weird feeling, and not because she was about to wet herself. Something about the house seemed...familiar. B-but why? She knew she was supposed to just drop the key under the mat, but she was curious. She wanted to go INSIDE it.

After all, she had the key.

Nervous, Laurie stuck the key in the lock and turned it. The door creaked open easily, and Laurie went in. She shut the door. She walk-ed up the stairs, starting to get the familiar feeling again.

She op-ed the door. It was a teenage girl's bedroom, no doubt Judith's.

She walked to the mirror. Apparently, Judith had been having sex with her boyfriend, and she had been sitting here, brushing her hair. Laurie looked down onto the carpet. There was a red stain. And it al-most looked...NEW.

A hand tapped her shoulder. Laurie swiveled around. A man in a cl-own mask stood there, holding a fake knife. She shrieked.

The man started...chuckling. Laughing. He took off the mask. It w-as just Bob, Linda's (her best friend) boyfriend. "Bob, you asshole!" Laurie exclaimed, and kicked him in the shin.

"Aw, I'm sorry Laurie, I just had too. I mean, it's Halloween, and you went in the Meyers house. You kind of deserved this." Bob said.

"I deserved it?!" Laurie screamed. "I deserved it?! I was just cu-rious, Bob! Jesus Christ! Can't a girl be curious?!" "Alright, I'm s-orry. I'm a big fat fuck." Bob apologized. "Yeah, yeah. Whatever." L-aurie walked out of the house and out the door.

Tommy Doyle, an eight-year-old boy that Laurie baby-sitted someti-mes, stood at the sidewalk. Laurie walked over to him. "You really s-houldn't be in there. Especially on Halloween." Tommy said. "Yeah," Laurie replied. "I know. I'm a stupid bi-," Laurie stopped.

"You're still baby-sitting me, right?" Tommy asked. "Pretty sure." Laurie replied. The Doyle parents were going out for dinner, and Lau-rie doubted they were going to leave an eight-year-old home alone.

Tommy ran off. Laurie continued to walk and sing. _"I've got a fee-ling, I'm high on believing,"_ Micheal Meyers had been watching the e-ntire thing.

As soon as Laurie got to school, Annie Brackett, one of her best fri-ends, ran up to her, smoking a joint. Annie was a rebel. She had bla ck hair and usually wore biker boots.

"Have you seen Linda?" Annie asked. "No, but I've certainly seen Bob." Laurie replied, rolling her eyes at Bob, even though he wasn't even there. "She's probably ditching." Laurie said.

Just then, Linda ran up. As usual, she was wearing her Haddonfield High School cheerleading uniform. Sometimes Laurie didn't get how the three of them were friends. They were complete opposites! Laurie was a goodie-two-shoes and kind of a nerd who mostly followed the rules, Linda was a peppy cheerleader and almost annoying at times, and Annie was a rebel who smoked joints and rode a motorcycle to school.

Opposites attract.

Laurie sat in English class, bored out of her mind. Miss Alexander, a fat single woman who ran to ice cream when she got dumped, explained something about Romeo and Juliet to the kids who weren't smart

enough to understand it. Laurie understood it perfectly. She stared out the window. What she saw gave her goosebumps.

A man in a white mask sat on the hood of a police car, watching h-er. "MISS ALEXANDER!" Laurie shrieked. Miss Alexander swiveled around and looked at Laurie. "What, dear?" she asked.

"Someone's watching me through the-," Laurie looked out the wind-ow. The man and the car were gone. "Never mind...," Laurie said. Miss Alexander looked at her. "Are you okay, dear?" she asked. "Yeah," La-urie replied. "Are you sure?" Miss Alexander asked again. "Yes," Lau-rie repeated.

Laurie walked home with Annie and Linda. Linda bragged about all the shit she had to do, from stuffing her bra to cheerleading practi-ce. "You need more to do," said Laurie.

They reached Linda's house. Linda walked up the lawn and walked i-nto her house. Laurie and Annie kept walking. The same police car pu-lled up. Laurie shrieked and ran down the sidewalk. "Laurie!" Annie exclaimed. "What the hell?!"

Anne looked at the police car. The driver rolled down the window, revealing a man with a white mask. "Perve!" Annie yelled at him, and ran after Laurie.

Laurie turned around, expecting the police car to be following her but instead to see Annie running after her. "Paranoid much?" Annie a-sked, rolling her eyes.

Laurie paused. She didn't whether to tell Annie about the man in the white mask or not. Annie would just think she was crazy. Laurie walked ahead of Annie, tired. In the bushes, the man in the white ma-sk stood there, watching them.

Laurie's jaw dropped to her red Converse All-Stars. "A-Annie...," she said, "There's somebody in the bushes...w-watching us...," Annie looked at her as if she was insane. "What?" Laurie asked. "There is!" "Fine," said Annie. "I'll go and see for myself." "No!" said Laurie. But Annie walked over to the bushes anyway. She looked behind them. Annie sighed. "There's no one there, Laurie." Laurie was shocked. She saw that man. She could of sworn it! "Somebody's going insane," Annie muttered. "What?" Laurie asked. "Nothing." Annie said, grinning. "An-nie, I swear to God, I saw a man in a white mask, standing there wat-ching us! You HAVE to believe me!" Laurie was desperate. Did anyone believe her? "Fine," Annie said. "Oh, stalker! Mr. Stalker!"

"Annie!" Laurie exclaimed. "What the hell are you doing? This is-n't a joke!" The white man jumped out from behind the bushes and sta-bbed Annie. Laurie shrieked, but Annie and the man started laughing.

Suddenly, Laurie realized that the man wasn't wearing a white mas-k. He was wearing the clown mask that Bob had been wearing that morn-ing. "BOB!" Laurie shrieked, furious. Bob took off the mask and bend-ed over laughing. Annie put her finger in the ketchup on her shirt a-nd licked it. Bob threw the push-up knife on the sidewalk, crying in laughter. "Ugh!" Laurie shook her head, disgusted with them.

Laurie ran off, beginning to cry. "Aw, Laurie! Wait up!" Annie ran after her. Laurie ran all the way home. How could her friends do that to her? Maybe she was going crazy. She pulled open her front door and ran up the stairs to her room. This entire Halloween had sucked. She couldn't wait until she was with Tommy, and no one could prank her anymore. She sank into her bed and curled up into a ball.

After five minutes, she decided she was being a drama queen and got up. She cleaned off her face in the mirror. She was okay. It was a stupid, harmless, STUPID prank.

Laurie looked out her window.

Usually, seeing the wind blow calmed her down and soothed her. Her mother said it was because she was so stressed all the time. Laurie opened her eyes. The man in the white mask was standing there, watching her. Laurie shrieked and slammed the window closed. She pulled down the curtains. The phone rang, making her jump out of her skin.

She grabbed the receiver and put it up to her ear. "Hello?" Laurie asked, shaking. No answer. Just breathing. "HELLO?!" Laurie screamed. She slammed down the receiver and sighed. Who was this creep stalking her, anyway? Some old man? Or some ten-year-old that had a harmless crush on her? The phone rang again. She didn't want to answer it.

But she did. For whatever reason.

"H-hello?" Laurie asked, scared out of her mind. Just breathing. And breathing. Just breathing and breathing and more breathing and enough breathing to fill twenty pairs of lungs. Laurie shook. She slammed the receiver down. Two seconds later, the phone rung again.

Laurie shrieked in frustration and fear. She grabbed the receiver and threw it onto her ear. It hurt like hell, but she didn't care. "LISTEN, YOU WEIRD MOTHERFUCKER, BACK THE HELL OFF!" "Jesus, somebod-y's PMSing." Annie said. Laurie sighed in relief. "Annie,"

"Who else?" Annie asked. "I called to say that I'm picking you up to go to Tommy Doyle's in an hour. Get sexy."

If only Laurie had stayed home that night...

Three:

The Boogeyman

Tommy Doyle walked out of the school door, holding a nice round pumpkin that he couldn't wait to carve with Laurie. Then, Jason Willard and his cronies ran over to Tommy.

"Hey Tommy! You scared?" Jason asked. "No," Tommy said. "Why?" "W-hy wouldn't you be?" Jason asked. "It's Halloween. You know what happens on Halloween, don't you?"

"Yeah, we get to dress up for free candy." Tommy said, rolling his

eyes. Jason and his friends laughed. "More than that. The Boogeyman comes to kill you." Jason shoved Tommy, sending him to the ground. His pumpkin smashed into a million pieces. "Aw, JASON!" Tommy cried, and they ran off.

Tommy walked through the gate. He walked right into a man in a white mask. Tommy whimpered. He tried to walk away, but the man grabbed his arm. Tommy's eyes widened. His face went pale. The man lifted him up, left him in the air for three seconds, then gingerly put him down on the sidewalk. Tommy was terrified. He ran the hell home.

Four:

The Costume Store

Laurie sat on the couch, reading from Romeo & Juliet. She was at the famous Balcony Scene, her favorite scene in the entire play. Annie honked the horn, and Laurie jumped up and grabbed her purse containing Romeo & Juliet, knitting needles, and lip gloss she was borrowing from Linda. Laurie walked out the door.

Annie sat in her father's car. Mr. Brackett had bought the car when the girls were three, on a play-date at Annie's. Mr. Brackett pulled up in the reddest, shiniest car in the entire state of Illinois.

That had been 1965. A whole fourteen years ago. Now, that car looked like the sun had sucked the color off of it and it was EXTREMELY rusty. Laurie took a look at it for a moment, recalling the day. She giggled childishly. She couldn't believe the piece of shit that car was now. Annie looked at Annie and honked the horn again. "COME ON!" she yelled impatiently.

Laurie walked down the porch steps and into the car. Annie was smoking a joint. She handed Laurie one. Laurie looked at it sickly. "Do I really have to do drugs AGAIN? It makes me cough like hell." "Well, do you plan on looking cool yourself?" Annie asked, raising her eyebrows. "Annie," Laurie said, "Doing drugs doesn't make you look cool."

"I beg to differ."

"Do I really have to smoke this?"

"You know the answer to THAT."

Laurie sighed and took the joint. She puffed on it once, and coughed fifteen times. Annie rolled her eyes. "Drama-queen." "That was real!" Laurie protested.

They saw Mr. Brackett near the costume store. The window was shattered, and police cars surrounded the place. "Wow," Annie said. "Impressive." Laurie rolled her eyes and got out of the car.

Mr. Brackett looked stressed he was smoking a cigarette. When he saw the girls, he muttered "Shit," and threw it on the road. Laurie looked at Annie. Had she noticed that?

"Hi, girls," Mr. Brackett said. "How's it going?" "Good," Laurie

answered. "I was just dropping Laurie off at the Doyle's when we not-iced that the costume store has new costumes." Annie said sarcastically. "What's going on, dad?"

"Well," Mr. Brackett said, "Some stupid kids broke in-, " "Stop blaming everything on KIDS. It's KIDS fault that we have global warming! Hitler was secretly a very tall KID!" Anne rolled her eyes. "It could have been a crack-head ADULT. How about THAT?"

"Ignore her," said Laurie. "I actually CARE." "Well," Mr. Brackett continued, "Some KIDS broke into the costume store last night. They stole a Star Trek mask and a kitchen knife. Annie, why would a crack-head need a Star Trek mask and a kitchen knife?"

Because he's a crack-head, Laurie thought, but didn't say it.

"Because he's a CRACK-HEAD. Hello?" Annie said for her. Mr. Brackett rolled his eyes. "Don't be such a smart-ass, Annie." "Don't curse in front of my friends, dad." Annie smiled. "Please," Mr. Brackett said. "Laurie probably says these words herself."

Mr. Brackett and Annie kept arguing, and then it hit Laurie: White Mask Guy did this. The mask he was wearing looked like a Star Trek mask, just inside-out, or bleached. White Mask Guy stole a kitchen knife, too...

"Come on, Laurie," Annie said, interrupting her from her thoughts. Laurie and Annie climbed back into the car. "Annie," Laurie said fearfully, "The guy who's stalking me did this! The guy in the bushes and the police car! The guy who's stalking me bought a kitchen knife to KILL ME!"

Annie just looked at her.

"Laurie, I think you've had enough drugs for one day."

Five:

Laurie Strode:

Haddonfield Psycho

Annie pulled up to the Doyle house. Laurie looked out the window to see if anyone was standing there, watching her. She nervously opened the door and walked out. She ran onto the porch and punched the door-bell. "Bye, Haddonfield Psycho!" Annie yelled, and sped away. Mrs. Doyle, a woman clearly obsessed with plastic surgery, answered the door. "Hi, Laurie dear. Come in."

Later that night, the Doyle's phone rang. Laurie picked up the receiver. "Doyle residence," she said. "Doyle residence?" A voice asked. "What are you, a receptionist?" It was Annie. "Annie!" Laurie exclaimed. "How'd you get this number?" "It's called a phone book." Annie said. "I'm two houses away at the Wallace house. I'm babysitting Lindsey. Do you know that she's only nine and wears bras and make-up? Her and Linda would get along fabulously."

"You're at the Wallace house?" Laurie asked, trying to forget the bra

comment. "Just said that," Annie replied. "Learn to listen, dear. Anyway, Paul says that he found a way to sneak out... Will you PLEASE baby-sit Lindsay? PLEASE?"

Laurie nearly swallowed her gum. No wonder Annie had called her.

"Ugh...WHY?" Laurie cried. "I'm already baby-sitting one kid, I r-eally don't need another."

"How 'bout this?" Annie proposed, "If you baby-sit Lindsay, I will CONSIDER telling Ben Tramer I was kidding about you LOVING his body." "You told Ben Tramer I LOVE his body?!" Laurie shrieked. Tommy was s-tanding in the next room. He ducked his head in. "Huh?" Laurie put t-he receiver on her shoulder. "If you don't tell your parents I said that, I'll make you popcorn." Laurie said. Tommy thought about it for a second. He nodded. Laurie picked up the phone. "Fine. I'll do it."

Six:

Paying Attention Gets You

Very Far in Life

Annie dropped Lindsay off at the Doyle's and walked back to the Wall-ace's. She stood in front of the foyer mirror, trying to get her cur-ly girl afro under control. She gave up and walked into the garage, where her car sat in park. She grabbed the handle and tried to open it. "Ugh, no keys." She walked back in the house.

When she walked in, the TV was on. She turned it off, not even no-ticing that it hadn't been on before. She forgot about the keys and walked out into the garage. She opened the car door. No problem. And she didn't even notice.

Annie sat down. The keys were in the ignition. She was just about to turn it when she noticed something. It looked like someone had be-en breathing on the windshield. Suddenly, a man in a white mask popp-ed up and wrapped his hands around Annie's throat. Annie whimpered a-and flailed her arms.

The man in the white mask squeezed until he felt one of Annie's v-ocal cords pop. Then another. Then another. Annie's eyes crossed, and her face turned blue. She sank to the floor.

Annie was dead.

Seven:

**Linda and Bob, Lying in **

a Graveyard,

D-Y-I-N-G

Bob pulled up to the Wallace house with Linda. Earlier that day, they had arranged to meet Annie at the Wallace's when Lindsay was asleep to fool around...and maybe more.

"All the lights are out!" Linda said. "No one's home! We have the house all to ourselves!" "YES!" Bob said. Bob opened the door and carried Linda to the master bedroom.

Two bliss-filled hours later, Linda sighed and closed her eyes. "I need a beer," Linda said. A few moments passed. "Bob, get me a beer."

Bob pulled on his boxers and walked downstairs. He walked into the kitchen when he heard something in the garage. He grabbed a baseball bat that, luckily for him, was lying on the counter, and walked in.

Annie's car was still there! Annie had been here the whole time! Bob felt so embarrassed. He looked in the window. Annie lied on the floor, pale. She looked dead. Bob opened the door. He clapped.

"Nice, Annie. Real good acting." He paused. She wasn't answering, and she really did look dead... He felt her wrist. There was no pulse in it. Maybe it was just a coincidence... He felt Annie's thumb. No pulse in that, either... Desperate for some sign of life, he felt her neck. There was no fucking PULSE!

Bob backed up, terrified. Someone KILLED ANNIE. He turned around, about to run to the phone, but a man in a white mask stood there, holding a knife. Bob screamed as the man in the white mask plunged the kitchen knife into Bob's heart.

Linda sat in bed, waiting for her beer. She could've sworn she'd heard Bob scream, but he probably just saw a spider or something. Bob was a wimp like that.

The door opened, and Bob walked in. He was wearing a sheet over his body, but his red glasses were still on his head. Linda laughed.

"Nice, Bob. Where's my beer? I'm thirsty."
>Bob didn't answer.<p>

"Bob," said Linda. "Don't be such an ass. Give me my beer." Just more silence. Linda rolled her eyes. "Fine. I'll get myself a beer." Linda wrapped a sheet around herself and walked to the doorway. Bob stopped her. He grabbed her arm. The sheet fell off, to reveal the man in the white mask. "What the hell?" Linda asked. The man in the white mask pulled the bloody knife out of his pocket and stabbed Linda in the face. Linda shrieked and fell to the floor.

Annie and Bob were dead, and Linda, soon, would be. And Laurie was next.

Eight:

The Climax...for

Laurie, Anyway

Laurie sat on the couch with Tommy and Laurie, watching Psycho. They both looked terrified out of their minds. "Do you want me to turn this off?" Laurie asked. "No!" They both said, and grabbed the remote.

Laurie raised her hands in surrender. "Okay then..." she heard the phone ring. She walked over to it. She picked it up...and she heard the exact same breathing as earlier that day. She was about to scream, but she didn't want to scare Tommy and Lindsay. "Leave me the fuck alone," she whispered, and slammed the receiver down.

"Who was that?" Tommy asked. "Oh, just Linda," Laurie lied, "She just wanted to know what we were doing." "Ooh, call her back and say I said hi!" Lindsay said. Laurie rolled her eyes, and then realized she couldn't do that, because she wasn't just talking to Linda.

Laurie sighed and got up. By now, Linda should've been at the Wallaces. "Lindsay, what's your number?" "Why?" Damn, Laurie thought. Lindsay didn't know Linda was at the Wallace's. "Never mind," Laurie said, beat. She sat back down on the couch. The phone rang again.

Laurie walked to the phone and paused. What if it was the white mask guy? She picked up the receiver. "D-Doyle residence...", Laurie said, practically whimpering.

There was moans and whimpering and squealing from the other line. It sounded like Linda. Ew.... Was she listening to Linda and Bob do it nasty? "LINDA! YOU DIALED ME BY ACCIDENT!" Laurie cried, desperate, forgetting that she could hang up herself.

Linda lied on the floor, trying to tell Laurie that she needed help, that the man in the white mask had stabbed her in the face. She was so lucky it was her cheek. If it was her forehead, or her side, she would have been dead by now.

The man in the white mask walked over to her. "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO!" Linda shrieked.

Laurie stood in the Doyle living room. "Linda...are you...is this a prank?" "LAURIE! HELP!" Linda shrieked from the other line. Laurie widened her eyes. She looked at the couch. Tommy and Lindsay were asleep.

Laurie ran out the front door and across someone's front lawn to the Wallace house. Luckily, the door was unlocked. Laurie ran in. "Linda?" Laurie called. "LINDA?!" she shrieked.

She ran up the stairs frantically. Linda sounded seriously terrified. And maybe it was just her paranoia, but Laurie thought she heard stabbing. She walked into a room. It was the bathroom. Laurie shrieked in frustration. If someone was hurting Linda, she was probably dead by now.

Desperate, Laurie ran into another room. There was a fluffy pink bed, and Laurie knew it was Lindsay's room. She ran into another room, that still wasn't the right one. It was empty...wait...the sheets were messed up...THERE WAS A LARGE POOL OF BLOOD ON THE FLOOR...this was the right room..

There was a lump in the sheets. Laurie lifted up the sheets. Annie lied there, pale. Laurie shrieked. "Linda!" she called. "LINDAAAAAA!" Nervously, she opened the closet door. Linda's head was stuck in the triangle part of a coat hanger. Blood trickled down her face. Laurie shrieked. "OH GOD! JESUS CHRIST! SOMEONE HELP ME!"

She ran out the door. The man in the white mask stood there, holding the knife. Laurie whimpered and ran back in the master bedroom. She looked at the window. It was her only chance. She ran to the window and pulled it open.

Laurie put her leg out, then the other, and slipped out onto the roof. She started to slip farther and farther down, till she had to hold onto the gutters. "Oh God....," Laurie whimpered. Her fingers began to slip. She heard the door burst open. There wasn't time for this shit. She slipped off and landed on the sidewalk.

Hard.

It hurt like hell, but she knew that what the man in the white mask would do would hurt much, much more. She got up. Her jeans were ripped, and blood gushed out of a large scar on her leg. She didn't notice that the key to the Doyle's had fallen out.

She limped over to the Doyle's, terrified out of her mind. She reached into her pocket for the key she thought was still there. It was empty. "SHIT!" Laurie shrieked. She banged on the door. "TOMMY! HELP! HELP ME!"

Tommy lied on the couch, asleep. He heard screaming on the front porch. He ran over and looked out the window. It was Laurie.

Laurie ran inside. "TAKE LINDSAY THE FUCK UPSTAIRS AND LOCK THE DOOR!" Tommy and Lindsay did as they were told. Laurie ran into the kitchen and grabbed a kitchen knife. The man in the white mask jumped through the window. Laurie screamed and stabbed the man in the shoulder. She sighed and dropped the knife.

She walked upstairs, so grateful that the ordeal was over. She tried to open the door to Tommy's bedroom. It was locked. "Tommy! It's me!" Tommy ran to the door and unlocked it.

"Go to the neighbors, both of you! And GET HELP!" Tommy and Lindsay ran out the door to the neighbors.

Nine:

You Can't Kill the

Boogeyman

Tommy and Lindsay sprinted across the lawn. Dr. Loomis stood at the curb. He looked at the door that Tommy and Lindsay had come from. He ran to the Doyle house. Something was wrong.

Laurie lied on the floor, crying. This Halloween sucked. The man in the white mask walked into Tommy's room. Laurie rolled over and shrieked. She crawled into the closet and locked the door. She whimpered. She was going to die.

She pulled her knees to her chest. The man in the white mask punched the wood open. He punched and punched until he punched out the light bulb. Laurie grabbed a coat hanger and untwisted it. She jabbed the man in the eye, sending him flying backward. She dropped the coat hanger. The man got back up. She widened her eyes. HOW WAS HE STILL

ALIVE?! He was just about to stab her in the heart as...A BULLET FLEW THROUGH HIS STOMACH. Then two more. The man swiveled around.

Laurie didn't see exactly what happened next, but she heard another gunshot. She ducked her head out. A man in a coat was shooting the man in the white mask. He shot him over and over, till the man in the mask fell through the window.

The man turned around. Laurie had seen him on a billboard once. His name was Dr. Sam Loomis. He reached out his hand, and Laurie took it. He helped her up.

Dr. Loomis looked out the window and widened his eyes. "What?" asked Laurie. "WHAT?!" She got up and ran to the window. The space where the man...Micheal Meyers...had been lying, was empty.

Micheal Meyers was alive. And at large.

And free to kill Laurie whenever he wanted to.

THE END

End
file.